



VOL. 3 NO. 20

GLOBE



THE GEORGE BROWN COLLEGE OF APPLIED ARTS & TECHNOLOGY

JULY 24, 1970

**FREE
WANT
ADS
FOR
STUDENTS**
25 WORDS OR LESS
920-5533

GOVERNMENT CUTS ACTIVITY FEES FOR MANPOWER STUDENTS

THE DAY OF INFAMY

For George Brown College, the Day of Infamy fell on July 1, 1970. In a memo from the Ontario Department of Education received July 7, the information was received that all Manpower student activity fees were terminated. Period.

33 Eglington Avenue East/Toronto, 215, Ontario. 70 - 6 - 5
ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

MEMORANDUM TO: Colleges of Applied Arts and Technology

SUBJECT: Student Activity Fees for Those Registered in the Retraining Program.

DATE: June 24, 1970

Effective July 1, 1970, student activity fees will no longer be an allowable charge against the operating expenses of the Retraining Program.

It is recommended that your Student Council be made aware of this situation as soon as possible so they should have opportunity to consider the implications and alternative action.

M. W. Jackson,
Director,
Applied Arts and Technology Branch.

An emergency meeting of all student presidents across the province was called immediately, by Andy Winter, SAC President of George Brown. Student presidents from points all over the province converged on the SAC headquarters on Kendal Avenue to discuss a plan of action. Toronto Daily Star, Telegram, Globe and Mail, and radio station CHFI reporters were present.

At the meeting, held at 7:00 p.m. July 7, the student presidents decided immediate counter-action was imperative. A delegation was mandated to take our fight to all levels of the government.

At that time, everyone was in the dark. Who actually made the decision, within the government, to slash the activity fee? Obviously, the man that signed the memo in the first place had to be the culprit.

H. W. Jackson, Director Applied Arts and Technology Branch of the Department of Education signed the doomsday paper. It read: "Effective July 1, 1970, student activity fees will no longer be an allowable charge against the operating expenses of the Retraining Program."

SAC contacted Mr. Jackson at once. Mr. Jackson referred the delegation to a Mr. Kerridge, Superintendent of Agreements of the Department of Education.

The delegation, comprised of Andy Winter (SAC President, GBC), Bill Cherry (Executive Secretary, OCAATSA), and Frank Van Zant (Student Union President, Algonquin), met with Mr. Kerridge at once.

Superintendent Kerridge would not advance any information other than stating it was a federal government order. He stated that he felt it would be in bad taste to divulge the source of the ruling.

He did go as far as to say that if he were consulted on the matter, he would be in support of the students' cause. He expressed sympathy for the situation students found themselves in.

Ottawa was the next stop. The delegation was joined by Ron Lesley (SAC Business Administrator, GBC).

At a meeting with James E. Walker (M.P. - York Centre) the Parliamentary Secretary to the Prime Minister arranged by Andy Winter, a brief was presented to the Federal Government. The report outlined our position on the subject.

The meeting with Mr. Walker was highly productive. He agreed with the delegation's point of view and committed himself to the fight. Andy Winter stated, "Mr. Walker is one of the nicest and most sincere persons at the federal level. His consideration for the delegation was a friendly and helpful boost in our favour."

Mr. Walker was able to arrange a meeting with the Executive Assistant to the Minister of Manpower and Immigration (the Minister, Mr. A. MacEachan was out of

cont. on page 3



AN OBITUARY

by
Peter Leski

It looks as though Manpower students are slowly being strangled to death. It seems that some auditor in Ottawa has decreed that student activity fees for us cannot be paid. Interpretation of the act, they say, has governed this action. Somebody then agreed that many civil servants and politicians are wrong for supporting student associations, and the fees are now stopped.

But, what are we, the students directly affected by this decision, going to do about it? How does it affect the guy in the classroom?

We are informed that SAC and OCAATSA (Ontario Colleges of Applied Arts and Technology Student Association) are bringing the battle to Parliament Hill and Queen's Park. The student leaders, representing all students, have promised that they won't take "no" for an answer. Good for them. But, what happens in the meantime? Where do the Manpower sponsored students stand?

As of July 1, we don't really have any right reading this paper. We have no rights, period.

In the past two years, our SAC has established itself responsibly in our campuses. They have acted in good faith as providers of sorely needed services and mediators between Joe-student and some instructors. Those same teachers may be rejoicing because of the loss of representation, but this is no occasion for us to feel happy. Indeed it could very well be interpreted as an impeachment on our rights as citizens.

This is no time for the Manpower students to run scared, or worse, accept this dictum apathetically. We have to fight with SAC and OCAATSA to change the decision.

If you think that this has no effect on your existence, let me clarify a few points. After all, you personally may have had no direct contact with SAC, or felt the need for its existence. There are too many direct and indirect implications in the abolition of funds paid in our behalf to the student association. It affects each and every student, one way or another.

Consider:-

*We've been set apart from fee-paying students. Are they any better than we are? Who says that we are?

-cont. on page 3

NEW HEAD AT COLLEGE CAMPUS

Mr. James Gerald Turner has succeeded Mr. George Turner as Principal of College Campus. One can easily see how confusing this may be to the students.

Some students may remember Mr. J. Turner from Teravay Campus where he was Chairman before his present appointment. (His present position has still to be approved by the Board of Governors.) However, Mr. Turner, who graduated from the University of Windsor with a B.A. in Arts and holds several other specialized certificates should be a welcomed addition at College Campus. His ideas are refreshing in as far as he does not believe a campus should be run from within the walls of a Principal's office.

This is to us a commendable view point and we are looking forward to seeing this young Administrator's (he is only 35) ideas brought into action. (Sorry girls, he is married.)



MR. JAMES G. TURNER

THE CLASS SYSTEM STRIKES AGAIN

R.P. Lessley

"The faculty and student population of a COLLEGE OF APPLIED ARTS AND TECHNOLOGY will be more diverse than that of other educational institutions. This fact suggests some problems, but it should be possible to develop a strong sense of unity within the College, thus preventing the rather rigid class system that often prevails in other educational institutions. The result should be a broader vision of education than exists at present, among students and faculty, and so, among the general public. An active Students' Association should be the determining factor here and in the establishment of the community role of the College."

— Colleges of Applied Arts and Technology
BASIC DOCUMENTS (Revised Edition) 1967

Ontario Department of Education

On June 26, 1970, the Director of Applied Arts and Technology Branch of the Ontario Department of Education Mr. H.W. Jackson, signed a memo that destroyed the very factor that has kept the class system a "strong sense of unity" that existed within community colleges.

"Effective July 1, 1970, student activity fees will no longer be an allowable charge against the operating expenses of the Retraining Program." There you are. From July 1, Students Associations have effectively been destroyed.

Across Ontario, 20,000 students sponsored by the government have been cast aside. Here is this "broader vision of education"? How can Student Associations be the "determining factor" toward unity? The government has, in reality, established by their terse memo, a "rigid class system."

Not more than a year ago, most young people attending post-secondary institutions were sons or daughters of middle income parents — the children of lawyers, doctors, engineers. Their needs were different. Dances, proms, fraternity houses, sororities and the good life was the order on campus. They weren't rubbing elbows with people of little, or indeed of no, means.

Provision of day care centers, inexpensive student housing, emergency loans — all just words. They didn't have to bother with the problems of the "lower class." Indeed, they hardly knew they existed. The only people receiving an education past high school had their way paid for them by their parents (we recognize the few meager scholarships that were handed out to "deserving" scholars, but that was negligible).

The Ontario government, in their wisdom, established the community college system to alleviate this educational gap. They provided funds to build Colleges of Applied Arts and Technology across the province. From Thunder Bay to Ottawa. From North Bay to Welland. Here is where all citizens will be given the opportunity to get an education, safely.

Now, having established a viable instrument for training of citizens, they send down a memorandum: Manpower students are not really a part of the learning community — they're only poor cousins — so, let's ignore them.

The Minister of Education, Mr. William G. Davis, said some fine sounding words in the Legislature back in 1965 — a whole five years ago: "Above all else, it (Bill 153 that established community colleges) goes far towards making a reality of the promise — indeed of the stated policy — of this government to provide through education and training, not only an equity of opportunity to all sectors of our population, but the fullest possible development of each individual to the limit of his ability."

For the last couple of years, the government has indeed provided funds that allowed "an equality of opportunity" and "the fullest development of each individual," but they allocated money for students' use to provide through various programs such as loans on an emergency basis, investigation of student-owned residences, and the right to govern themselves through a voice and a vote — the avenue towards "equality." This has ceased to exist as of July 1.

July 1 — that's the day Canadians celebrate the birth of our nation. We, at community colleges across the province, may allocate this day as a period of mourning — equality is dead.

On one hand, there is the fee-paying students. They, through the compulsory activity fee, have the right to elect representatives among their peers who develop and manage programs and functions in their best interests. They have the right to read the student newspaper, go to student sponsored dances, participate in athletics, voice their opinions, air their beefs through established channels, take advantage of long-term projects, contribute to the college life through participation — in short, they have their opportunity to achieve the "fullest possible development."

Where does this leave the Retraining student sponsored by Manpower? In limbo, that's where.

If any citizen cannot receive, by right, the fullest opportunities that the community in which he is an integral part of offers, then he is a second class citizen. Where is the Just Society then? Student Associations across the province are not only questioning this unbelievable decision, they are fighting it. Tooth and nail.

THE GLOBE AND MAIL'S COMMENT Community college student groups to fight loss of retrainees' fees

Presidents of students' organizations from 12 of Ontario's 26 community colleges had an emergency meeting last night to discuss a cutback of government funds that they say will severely curtail their operations.

The meeting was called at the George Brown College Students Administrative Council building on Kendall Avenue after a letter was received from the provincial Government saying that after July 1 the Government would not pay the \$25-a-year student activity fee for students in Department of Manpower and Immigration retraining programs.

The two main colleges affected are George Brown where almost 5,000 of 7,000 students are sponsored by the Department of Manpower and Immigration, and Algonquin College in Ottawa where about 2,000 of the 6,000 students are retrainees. In all, 20,000 students will be affected in the province.

Paul Donoghue, chairman of the Ontario Colleges of Applied Arts and Technology Students Association, William Sherry, president of OCAATSA, and Andrew Winter, president of the Students Administrative Council of George Brown College, will meet provincial Government officials today to try to have the decision reversed.

Mr. Cherry said that even though the money is given to the student councils by the province, the money comes originally from the Department of Manpower and Immigration, which he understood was responsible for stopping the allocation. He said that most of the retrainees, who are mature students living on a small grant, could not afford to pay the \$25 a year themselves.

Paul Scott, public relations officer for George Brown College, said the decision would mean a loss of about \$120,000 a year to his student council and would mean it would have to stop a \$200,000 emergency student housing project it planned to start this year.

Frank Van Zant, president of the Algonquin College Student Council said his organization will have to stop negotiating with two developers to build accommodation for 500 students on land leased from the college for a token fee. The mortgage for the apartments would cost the students' council \$10,000 a year.

Presidents at the meeting expressed surprise at what they called the arbitrary decision and were disappointed that they were not consulted before it was made. They were also disturbed because although the college administrations were told of the change in a letter dated June 26, they did not hear about it until yesterday.

Mr. Donoghue pointed out that student councils are expanding their basic social and athletic activities and beginning to provide such things as housing, child care services, and emergency loans. It is the new services, he said, that will be affected by the withdrawal of funds.

Mr. Cherry said: "If we alienate a student because of the particular program he is in, then he is not going to have a very good view of society in general and it could produce problems of adjustment, especially if it's someone who has just come to this country."

Mr. Van Zant said that at his college great efforts have been made to break down the "class distinction" between the retrainees and other students and he agreed with Mr. Cherry that the Government's action would create problems in the colleges by distinguishing between the two groups.

Mr. Winter said: "The community colleges in general have always acted in a responsible manner. Now the governments show, in their manner of presenting this, that they are not extending the same courtesy. I am quite hurt."

"We will make every attempt to rectify this matter in an orderly and objective manner. If we cannot achieve our aims in this way, we will be forced to deal with it in the same cold and inconsiderate manner in which the Government has perpetrated its policy upon us."

THE TELEGRAM'S REPLY

Student leaders of 12 Ontario community colleges met last night to counteract a Government decision that could hamper student councils.

H.W. Jackson, director of applied arts and technology branch, announced Monday the Government will no longer pay activity fees for those students enrolled in Manpower retraining courses.

LIVING ALLOWANCE

At George Brown College of Applied Arts and Technology, 80 per cent of the 7,000-member student body are enrolled in Manpower retraining. They receive a living allowance from the Federal Government.

Until July 1, The Federal Government was paying \$25 a student per year in activity fees.

George Brown student council president, Andy Winter, said the student council provides a great many services such as job placement and housing financed from these fees which the college does not provide.

\$500,000 SAVING

About one-half of the 22 community colleges have Manpower retraining students. The Government will save \$500,000 a year in Ontario by not paying these activity fees.

The student council at George Brown is planning a day-care service for children of student mothers, a complete house-placement service and an extensive public relations operation to promote the college in the community

THE STAR'S REPLY

Community college student leaders today will ask the province to pay the \$25 a year student council fee for those attending college under the federal government's Manpower retraining scheme.

Ottawa decided last month to stop paying council fees for the 20,000 Manpower students at Ontario's community colleges.

Andrew Winter, president of George Brown students' council said the loss of \$500,000 in revenue annually would force a cutback in student-sponsored services in the province's 20 community colleges.

Student council's now provide housing, loans, day care for children, job placement, recreational and social programs, insurance, student newspapers and radio, and advice for students.

Herbert Jackson, director of the applied arts and technology branch in the provincial education department, said last night the request for provincial support for Manpower student fees will be studied.

Manpower pays fees for tuition, books, and living allowances for members of the work force involved in re-training and upgrading courses.

MANY A GIRL IS
LOOKING FOR AN OLDER MAN
WITH A STRONG WILL — —
MADE OUT TO HER!



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Toronto 178, Ontario

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Juvenile Delinquency

Disorderliness, addiction to intoxicants, having rogues as friends and the greed for sexual gratification during one's adolescent years, all moulded together, create for the world another juvenile delinquent. So many delinquents does this unique world possess and so many are showing signs of being perfect future delinquents, that it seems as though this problem is becoming very acute and chronic. It is in its present stage posing a threat to the world in which decency is struggling desperately to survive. Although countless efforts were made to quell its growth, one finds that juvenile delinquency is pestering cultural society.

Juvenile Delinquency is found mostly amongst teenagers. This problem is not inherited — it is developed: A prime cause is the lack of education, for without education the ethical standard is low and one can succumb quite easily to evil influences. As a matter of fact, some teenagers are cognizant of their inferiority complex among scholars, but they too want to attract people's attention and most times want to be egocentric. They cannot do this by achieving some educational level, but it can be done by robbing a bank, so they rob the bank and find themselves drifting towards the depths of degradation.

The environment in which the teenager lives, causes juvenile delinquency as well. Suppose a teenager lives where juvenile delinquency is prevalent. At this tender age, he hasn't the ability to think for himself as yet; he does what his friends do; thus, he is being influenced by his friends to become a matured delinquent.

Poverty and unemployment play a great part in making a teenager become a delinquent. Let us assume a teenager finds himself, where the pangs of hunger take effect on him, he has no money, and he is unemployed. In this circumstance, stealing becomes inevitable. Having stolen successfully at the first instant, he will

continue this relatively simple device of obtaining food; thus becoming a more and more matured delinquent.

The lack of parental control helps to promote juvenile delinquency to some extent.

Some parents allow too much freedom to their children, but it is to the parent's advantage to intervene when they find their children are straying from the righteous path. On the other hand, some parents tend to be too strict with their children. In this circumstance, such children who are being kept under the watchful eyes of their parents at all times, rebel against their parents to obtain some freedom. If the parents and children should compromise, there is going to be a mutual understanding between both parties, and this would help to solve a little of our contagious problem.

Society undoubtedly helps a great deal to cultivate juvenile delinquency in our community today. A teenager may serve a term of imprisonment for violating the law. Now, when this teenager comes out of jail, society defies him; this fact is undisputed. The teenager in return feels depressed, unwanted and uncared for, thus evading society and he thinks of going to the extremes of juvenile delinquency.

"Things had began make strong themselves, by ill." But if society encourages him to make use of the good things around him, maybe he will evade the evil or ill things and give a helping hand to one who needs it.

If all the educational and recreational facilities in every country, which are provided for us by the government of our country, are used in the way they ought to be, much would be accomplished to eradicate juvenile delinquency from our society.

Just before I conclude, may I ask you a question? Are you a delinquent? Amir Mohammed Class Rep. of EG12 Radio/Television Announcer Graduated in the U.S.A.

CAMPING IS -



fun



fun



TRY IT SOMETIME

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Nobody minds a man having a morning eyep opener and it's O.K. to have a bracer around 10 a.m. and a couple of drinks before lunch. And a few beers on a hot after-

noon to keep a man healthy or at least happy. And, of course every-one drinks at a cocktail hour. And a man can't be criticized for having wine with his dinner, a liqueur afterwards and a hiball or two during the evening — but this damn business of SIP, SIP, SIP, all day long HAS GOT TO STOP!

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HUMOROUS EXPERIENCE

In the city of Toronto, Ontario, there are many interesting kinds of entertainment to be found. The Warwick Hotel, situated on Jarvis St. in the heart of Toronto's "tenderloin" district, has been noted for obtaining some of the best names in the entertaining business. Hearing that Count Basie was going to be there for ten days, some friends and myself made arrangements to meet at the Basin St. room of the Warwick to hear him play. If you've never been to the Basin-St. room, a visit there is an experience in itself. This particular room is above ground level, very large and completely "decked out" as something from another age. A honky-tonk atmosphere surrounds the entire room, from the waiters to the piano player. There are no overhead lights. Each table has its own lighting apparatus, either large candles in the centre of the table or individual electrical lamps. Enough about the room itself. It's just that poor lighting that involved me in the following episode.

As I mentioned earlier, I was to meet some friends at the "Basin-St." room. We decided to wait until the eighth night to see Count Basie, hoping there wouldn't be too much of a crowd. I had stopped off after work to get something to eat and naturally had a couple of drinks to wash the food down. By the time I arrived down the Basin-St. room, I was feeling no pain at all. After checking my coat and not being able to locate my friends, I pulled out a chair at a table that I thought was unoccupied, as the candle in the centre of the table was unlit. As I leaned over to light the candle, I saw two circles of green flame staring right at me. "What the hell is this?" I thought. "I must be stoned". Gathering my thoughts together, I continued to light the candle. I saw what the circles of green flame were, or rather what they were connected to. Believe me, they were connected to the nicest creation of feminine beauty I have ever seen. I mean, how do you describe something that looked like it was carved out of black marble; created to perfection, just like fine porcelain, too delicate to touch. Anyway, she just sat there, like a queen of some lost African tribe of Amazons. I sure didn't want to get involved in any tribal warfare with me as the principal loser. I tried to apologize about sitting at the table, explaining about there being no lights and if she was waiting for someone I would find another table. My explanations couldn't have sounded too good to her. Of course, between slurring my words and trying to shove my eyes back into my head (man, did she have a set of canst) I guess I seemed pretty ridiculous. Anyway, the next thing I knew she had put out the candle and looking me right in the eyes with those "circles of green flames" she told me to

"pipe down and drink up or shove off, she couldn't care less either way, about whether I stayed or not." "Just be quiet and listen to the music." This was said in a voice that was all the music I needed to hear. So what if she was a "kook" and wanted to sit in the dark. It was all right by me. Didn't she say "let's (let us) listen to the music." "I sure hope that's what I heard."

Well, one thing led to another, a few drinks, exchanging names and she asked me to take her home. This was well on into the evening, about three hours after I had sat down and a half dozen or so drinks too many. I mean, hell, I'm not prejudiced about color, I just couldn't find her angle. She wasn't a hooker (I had worked up to and around that slowly during our brief talks) but she was a living goddess. What did she want me. Nuts. I'm going to try anything once (at least) or attempt to try anything once. Besides, I was stoned enough to give it a whirl.

I mean, what did she want when I got a good look at her in the lobby, as I picked up our coats. She must have been a foot and one-half taller than me. I've got nothing against tall broads, but man, have you ever seen a six foot six inch, black-as-ebony amazon, with a build that Venus would envy and a five foot white runt, drunk as a skunk, walking out of any lobby, side by side, as if they owned the joint? I would love to have seen myself. Must have been quite a picture.

She had her own car and certainly drove very capably for someone who had consumed as much as she had. In fact, she was actually nearly sober. I only took about half an hour to get to her place. I don't remember too much about the building, but her apartment was something else. I don't know if I was impressed by the luxuriousness of the place or repelled by the color. Like I said, I'm not prejudiced about color, as everything in that damn apartment was black. Black velvet drapes, a black mohair, three inches thick, wall to wall rug, black furniture, black wallpaper with super-imposed black designs. Even the damn toilet tub and shower were all black enamel. I couldn't figure it out. The same as I couldn't figure her and me, couldn't figure her and me. What the hell did she want with me? I soon found out.

About what she wanted with me, that is. After letting me have a good look at the apartment's interior decorations and design she immediately turned the lights out. As long as she kept her eyes open, I had a good idea where she was. When she closed her eyes, well with her complexion and the surroundings, I've described, she just disappeared. Shortly after the lights were out, she began throwing her clothes at me bit by bit. With her eyes opening and closing and her exotic clothing coming at me between

blinks, I didn't know what to think. I mean, being stoned and practically being seduced by a six-foot-six-inch black amazon isn't something that happens every day. As I caught the modern day version of Eve's fig leaf, I asked her "What the hell is going on? What's with you, and what am I doing here? What's with this layout you brought me to?" So, I was being stupid, you know. Remember I was stoned, bombed, and didn't want to end up as fricassee white midget or some silly nonsense I was thinking of. "Shhhhhhh", she said, I nearly jumped out of my skin when she put her hand on my shoulder. "You haven't taken anything off" she purred. What does a drunken idiot say at a time like that? Nothing, as I did. I hope! She didn't take long in getting me undressed. Any I mean everything, shoes and socks included. All the time she was undressing me she rambled on about how much I loved her or her first lover who was a jockey. "The same size, the same color, the same likings for booze, all these reminded her of him", she said. What kind of a lover did she think I was going to be? Hell, I couldn't get it up to save my soul. I told her this, and she laughed, saying "We'll see, we'll see". With that, she was quiet for about ten minutes. I figured, "to hell with you sister", and lay down on the rug to have a nap. Here I was "bolloks naked", with a beautiful ebony shimmering amazon naked as she was born and I wanted to sleep. (By myself. Funny. I don't think so. Not as I recall things in her proper perspective; but she was stoned, dead on my feet. Not according to my black Amazon. She must have heard me getting comfortable or something on her lovely soft rug when she was all over me, tickling, grabbing and fooling around to the point where she surprised even me. I was "up" and ready to do battle with her. It wasn't to be that easy. She wanted to play. When I made a lunge for her or almost had her caught, she would dart off to some other spot in that damn specially designed

apartment of hers and I had to play hide and seek with her. If only she would keep her eyes open. Those lovely, green circles of fire drew me like a moth to a light, but when she closed them, I was in the darkest tunnel you can imagine. Finally, I caught her (or did she catch me?) and would you believe it? "That's right, I was "down". That does it, I thought, I'm getting out of here. Not according to my Amazon. After one hide and seek game for about an hour (writing as there was a little nonsense involved in keeping "things" ready for battle) I was pretty well awake and if not sober, at least reasonably so. My amazon suggests I have a glass of what she was drinking as there was a mild stimulant mixed in it. I hedged about this suggestion (stimulants, drugs - who knows?) so she said to finish hers. She handed me her glass which was only half-full and said she had to have a "pee". "I'll be right back shortly, and we'll get down to business" she said.

"Okay? Drink up". As she padded off like a black panther, I finished her drink. It tasted pretty good. Reminded me of brandy, but a little too sweet. The stimulant probably. Stimulant. What the hell is this? I could feel myself "rising for battle" and couldn't believe it. Hearing a noise on the other side of the bed from where I had caught my Amazon and she had just left momentarily, I reached over and did battle with the smoothest, soft as velvet opponent I had ever encountered.

Waking up in the morning, I couldn't figure out what this great big six foot plush poodle dog was doing in bed with me. Not only in bed with me, but looking pretty content, with a grin from ear to ear. Walking out of the apartment, I couldn't help noticing the dark black decor of the whole layout. Getting off the elevator and walking out of the front doors of the apartment building I just shook my head. Not actually remembering how I got there or how the poodle ended up in bed with me, I don't want to know if she was real or not, or what did happen to her.

????????????????



????????????????

SADISTS LASH LESKIW

Since it is obvious that anyone who can push a pen is considered a "qualified" critic by the GLOBE we would like to offer ours!

It appears to us that Peter Leskiw, who reviewed Yur A Big Boy Now George Brown, was far more concerned with attacking certain individuals involved in the choreography number than in offering a fair criticism of the play.

He made derogatory comments about the girls' personal characters by referring to them as "sadists" and as being "inhuman" to subject the audience to their dancing endeavour. We think this may be a strange form of character assassination rather than an "intelligent" critic's view of a choreography number.

If he cared to make comments about how "grotesque" he thought the dancing was this is his prerogative. But when he labels people "Sadists", which the dictionary defines as "a person guilty of a sexual perversion marked by getting pleasure from cruelty to other persons of either sex", we wonder about his abilities as a critic and ask what prompted him to use this particular word.

We might mention, in reference to the way in which he feels we ruined the second act, had he been observing the play with any intellectual awareness to the sequence of events, he would have realized the four "sadists" as he referred to the dancers, appeared in the third act and not the second.

We would like to say that Peter Leskiw, as a critic, failed to present a balanced critique of the performance. For instance, one would expect from any drama critic comments about the direction and more than a fleeting reference to the Director. Quite aside from his role as critic, we feel that he might have achieved more for the development of school spirit had he noted the number of people - students, instructors, and administrators, whose names appeared on the program. Had he done this, he might also have looked into the amount of effort that these people expended in an attempt both to present a production worthy of this college and activity which (just might) rid at least some of us of that well worn accusation of being apathetic!!!

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Phone 920 - 5533 174 Kendal Ave.

One Night Kick

He grabbed me by my slender neck, I could not call or scream, He dragged me to his dingy room, where we could not be seen; He stripped me of my flimsy wrap and gazed upon my form; I was cold and damp and scared And he was flushed and warm. He pressed his feverish lips to mine, I could not make him stop, He drained me of my very self, I gave him every drop. He made me what I am today, That's why you find me here; A broken bottle thrown away, That once was filled with beer.



WATER POLLUTION

Last year two brothers by the name of Murphy living in Long Harbor, Nfld. suddenly found they couldn't support their families anymore. The Murphys were fishermen and among them they had 20 small children to look after.

But the bottom of the beaches from which they made their living were littered with dead fish. The herring bled internally, the cod had meningitis and the lobsters' ovaries had liquefied.

The federal fisheries department said the problem was caused by a \$40 million phosphorus plant of the Electric Reduction Company of Canada (ERCO).

Dr. Donald Chant, Chairman of the Zoology Department of the University of Toronto, said the ERCO disaster was a good foretaste of the ecological collapse of the nation.

And the Murphys, their neighbors, and all the fishermen in the Bible that before the end of time "all the fish in the sea will be taken away."

Last summer famed Thor Heyerdahl, who navigated the mid-Atlantic in a reed boat, found plastic bottles, oily blobs and garbage drifting in huge patches on the ocean hundred of miles from the nearest shore.

And in Ohio, a year ago, the Cuyahoga River made history. It caught fire. The flames, started from industrial pollutants in the river, burned two railroad bridges.

In November a group of citizens held a "funeral" for Toronto's Don River, which is polluted five times beyond the safe level for swimming.

Last summer some children swam in Mooney's Bay, a public swimming area in Ottawa, and suffered serious ear infections, and a little girl in Richmond, B.C., fell into the open ditch near her middle-class suburban home and had to take antibiotics for 10 weeks to clear up a vaginal infection. The ditch contained raw waste from household toilets.

GARBAGE IN LAKES

At Gattineau Point, Ont., the water chlorination apparatus broke down for one day and seven persons had to be treated for typhoid fever.

The problem of water pollution in Canada and the U.S. is so vast it's hardly comprehensible. At home it's growing every day, hundreds of thousands of tons of detergents, solvents, bits of bark, raw of partially raw human waste, food and industrial wastes, organic and inorganic acids, cyanides, oil, arsenic, garbage, fertilizers, pesticides, bathing waste and unpronounceable chemicals are poured into rivers and lakes.

It's no wonder that somewhere during the last decade Lake Erie died. The largest fresh-water lake in the world, it is now turning slowly into a weed-choked swamp, and water within its shoreline cannot be used for cooking or drinking. Not even boiling or chlorination can remove the contamination.

And every day, three times a day, Canadians wash their hands and faces and brush their teeth in a great fetish for cleanliness.

Every day Canadians let their television sets tell them the average housewife is a mindless ninny who cares about nothing more than whiter-than-white clothes, while the detergents that give her the cleanest wash in town provide at least half the water pollution in the world.

Whiter-than-whites are pollutants because they're really phosphates, which are a basic ingredient of food refuse, human wastes, and commercial fertilizers, as well as detergents. Phosphates aren't poison. They are used, as good effect, in agriculture. But they do their damage by fertilizing alone and forcing a rapid growth which eventually chokes out other life. This aging process, or eutrophication, is normally a natural process which occurs over vast periods of time, but man-made additions of nutrients, like phosphates, to the waters can speed up the aging process by thousands of years. This is what happened to Lake Erie, and it's what is happening to other lakes and rivers and what could eventually happen to the oceans of the world.

Phosphates and nitrates and fertilizing elements in sewage are only a part of the endless contamination. A Quebec Government survey recently showed that the effluent from five paper mills — one in Ontario and four in

Quebec — is equal to the sewage of a city of nearly three million people. When the Jacques Cartier bridge in Quebec was being built engineers found by-products of sawdust, wood, pulp and chemicals had built up a layer of 30 feet on the river bottom.

Less than two months ago, the federal government banned all commercial and sport fishing in Lake St. Clair and the Detroit Rivers and confiscated catches for examination in Lake Erie and the St. Lawrence River.

The reason is mercury poisoning that is contaminating fish and even food on the supermarket shelves... by such industries as the \$150-million Dow Chemical of Canada plant in Sarnia, Ont., and Wyandotte chemical plant in Detroit. In Japan, five years ago, it was mercury, found in fish and contaminated rice, that killed 400 people. But in small amounts of mercury slip into the water every day and experts say there is twice the amount of mercury in our bodies, in the water and in the air than there was eight years ago.

But the greatest source of water pollution comes from the toilets in the nation's bathrooms. Montreal is still flushing raw sewage into the St. Lawrence River, and in the U.S. it is estimated that a third of all American sewage systems are below minimum health standards.

Proper sewage treatment plants trap solid sewage matter and convert it into fertilizer; they kill the disease in liquid matter before it passes into the lake and ensure that by the time water goes through filtration and chlorination processes it will be reasonably healthy when it pours through bathroom taps every morning.

SEWAGE TREATMENT

Some cities have proper sewage treatment plants, some have none at all. Lake Erie was murdered after enormous amounts of raw sewage were dumped into it until it became like a huge septic tank. No one knows whether it will ever be restored.

Even cities with proper plants have failures, because in most cases there aren't enough plants, or plants are forced to handle both sanitary and storm sewage.

In one part of Toronto, for instance, four sewage treatment plants are hopelessly overloaded every time it rains. At one plant the maximum capacity of water treated per day is 54 million gallons. There have been cases after it has rained when one plant has had to deal with up to 175 million gallons of rain, raw sewage, and blood and fat from packing houses at once. And since paltos in excess of 54 million can't be handled they are simply discharged into Lake Ontario untreated.

One way of testing water pollution is by taking a coliform count. Coliforms are bacteria which normally inhabit the intestines of warm-blooded animals. They thrive and multiply in sewage. After such a rainfall the coliform count off-shore of this one sewage plant registered 70,000. When sewage has been treated properly the coliform count in one testing registered 240. Before water becomes drinkable it has to have a coliform content of zero.

So if you can taste the chlorine more easily after a heavy rainfall, it's understandable.

This summer lakes and rivers will be poisoned more by pleasure boats. Every time a yachtman empties his toilets into the water he is contributing to the dirty, vile, deadly fouling of his country's natural resources.

And after every ocean voyage even the seas are more polluted, because there is no law to curb the careless discharge of human sewage, garbage and oil into the water. In fact, the oceans are becoming so polluted by ships and coastal cities that 20 to 25 per cent of the shellfish beds along the Atlantic have been found contaminated by raw sewage.

River pollution is terrifyingly silent. But it is not so subtle and it is as constant as the days in the week.

Every 24 hours U.S. industries pour 75,000 pounds of grease and contaminated water into the Niagara River. And the U.S. has had the nerve to ask Canada for fresh supplies of water.

In a few years we may not have enough for ourselves

thawed out he had left to get more information on the fiasco.

Later that day I, too, found out just how badly this concerns us.

First — No loans. Up to this point we were able to give students what could be called "pay day" loans — now we cannot. In some cases we were able to help students with emergency financial troubles (rent, food, etc.) this is now out of the question.

Secondly — No housing or child care. S.A.C. had three homes lined up and we were looking forward to servicing the needs of out-of-town students on a low-rent basis. With this service would be a child-care center for mothers who are students. These, too, can be forgotten.

Without loans, it is hard to prove that students need welfare assistance.

There will be no dances, parties or any other social event

SAC PLANK

The differences that may occur with internal organizations and members of SAC throughout my term in office are to be considered natural frictions in a worthwhile cause to offer students of this College the best that we can foresee. Naturally, points of view may differ. I would say that a healthy and normal trend in a democratic form of government is one where there are several points of view and that they be expressed to all those interested. With consideration that any of these decisions will affect the entire student body, we try to give them as much of a valid study as possible.

There is a definite difference between constructive points of view and destructive points of view. Our faith lies in the Board and with their capacity to make decisions. Good or bad, whatever these decisions may be, they have to be in the students interest.

As President of SAC, I feel I act as a conscience in such decisions; and, to the best of my ability, I try to expedite matters that the Board puts before me. At the same time, I try to reason the issues that make up an ultimatum so that these goals are in fact what you really want. I don't believe that I can please all of you, but that doesn't stop me from trying.

Every student in this College has a voice, whether they be members of SAC, apprentices, technicians, or Manpower trainees. They are all heard on an equal basis. That is my policy and no one receives preference over another regardless of what course they are taking.

I have steered a course for this year and, like a captain of any good ship, I hope to reach my destination. The storms that I might encounter are to be

anticipated, but cannot be charted. There is no narrow minded way in this organization; therefore, constructive suggestions can always be submitted by anyone. Our course is guided by your needs and it is our duty to heed them. I can sense from the last Board Meeting that we have, indeed, come a long way in one month. We have made plans that will benefit most students. Detailed information of these plans should be available through your class Representatives. The plans include the following:

1. Student Accommodation
2. Welfare Assistance for Students
3. Child Care for Students

Living allowance for apprentices has been re-instituted by the Government as of July 1. The Government policy was the result of an initiative of none other than George Brown College SAC. Also, we have requested the government (Department of Labour) to supply free books to our apprentices. This would be a blanket policy for all students. I hope that your students get their texts supplied at present.)

We are here to represent you, and if you have something to say or something to complain about, please let us know. Don't be afraid to sign your names to your complaints, so we can contact you personally. It has been proven that talking with us can accomplish a great deal more than a letter which may not always get the point across to us.

I hope I have made it clear that I am here to serve you; although I will not be able to satisfy all your needs, I won't stop trying!

Andrew M. Winter
President, SAC

OUR LAURELS GO TO

Assistant Chairman of Architectural Building Trades — Doug McLaren:

It is a rare treat in a College of our size and nature to find an individual that can generate the exuberance and vitality that Doug McLaren does.

His interest in students affairs represents a phase in student administration relationship that befits such a word as "ideal." His involvement and support for student functions have been

both unselfish and of extreme value for all students.

It is time to honor such people, with the hope that others will come to indicate to the students of this College: "we are with you, and for you."

By the grace of God, given opportunity, we will create a better tomorrow for those to come.

The student body conveys its thanks.
Andrew M. Winter

Winter Freezes Funds

July first, as you may have read, can go down as a day of infamy in the history of Ontario's Student Associations. You can read about what happened and what is being done about it elsewhere in this newspaper; but, how does it affect both you and me now?

The first indication of trouble came on Tuesday the seventh. I had just turned down Andy's offer of a loan and was having a nice cup of coffee when the phone rang. It was for Andy so I left him and went to talk to "Bashful Barb" on his first Friday. Little did I know that Andy was being "hit with a ton of bricks."

Moments later, he came charging out of his office like a mad dog, (you could almost see the froth around his mouth) and stated in no uncertain terms, "There's a freeze on every thing! No loans — nothing!"

For a while, I was a little frozen too! By the time I

— who can afford it?

Since Manpower students won't have their fees paid they will be cut off as far as activities (sports and social), or decision making positions on S.A.C. They will, in effect, be treated like second class citizens; therefore, equality is dead.

This all reminds me of the story of the Indian Chief who, after a particularly hard winter, called the smaller chiefs together for a pow-wow.

"I have some bad news and some good news," he said. "First the bad news. Our crops have died, our wampum is devalued, our fresh meat has gone north for the summer and we are forced to eat buffalo dung to survive."

"Now for the good news," continued the chief, "we have had a bumper crop of buffalo dung."

T.G. Dineen

18 MONTHS IN CANADA

It is more than eighteen months since I came to Canada, more than eighteen months in this land of enchantment. The new moon, a shimmering crescent in the darkening sky, greeted me on my arrival at Uplands Airport in Ottawa. The bright fortnight of the waxing moon had begun. Ever since then each coming of the new moon has been a reminder to me that another month of my stay is over. The moon, ever a companion to me, seems to grow more friendly with closer acquaintance, a reminder of the loveliness of this world, of the waxing and waning of life, of light following darkness, of death and resurrection following each other in interminable succession. Ever changing, yet ever the same, I have watched it in its different phases and its many moods in the evening, as the shadows lengthen, in the still hours of the night, and when "the breath and whisper of dawn bring promise of the coming day". How helpful is the moon in counting the days and months, for the size and shape of the moon, when it is visible, indicate the day of the month with a fair measure of exactitude. It is an easy calendar (though it must be adjusted from time to time), and for the peasant in the field in the West Indies the most convenient one to indicate the passage of the days and the gradual changing of the seasons.

Ever since my arrival many people here, and in the West Indies, have asked about my impressions about this vast and extensive country and its inhabitants. It is not an easy thing to write about a people whom you have known only for a short time, much less a country in general. It would be foolish to attempt such a task.

At the same time Canada and especially Ontario appears to be a very wonderful place in which to live. Everywhere in cities, towns, and the rural areas

the monumental works of art, skill and architecture look down upon the gazing eye with imposing majestic beauty that warrants not only heartfelt, soulful admiration but wonder and astonishment as well. The very orderly and systematic self-imposed government and discipline with which the average Canadian pursues and performs his every duty and public obligation relates to the foreign mind the wonder of how and why Canada has been able to become an economic and political giant of the world in spite of her geographic limitations and the limitedness of her economic independence.

I was surprised to discover how deeply Canada is economically dependent on the United States of America. A recent *Commission of Enquiry* showed that 70% of the industries in Canada belongs to American investors or are foreign owned. The Commission also showed that during the past six years over six hundred firms (medium and small industries, factories, etc.) were systematically taken over by American interests. *Mr. Stanfield, in an election speech some months ago, said that Canada was "nothing but an appendage of the USA". And Robin Mathews, Professor of English at Carleton University in Ottawa, said in a recent debate that "all Canada has done is move from the colonial position under British influence to a colonial position under US domination".*

I think that a genuine effort is now being made to de-Americanize the situation. Canada, of course, needs a lot of foreign capital investment in every country in the world. But I maintain that such capital should be for the expansion of existing industries, and the opening up of new ones, not for the acquisition of existing Canadian owned

industries through economic pressure.

But more than the grandeur of her architectural distinctions, the Canadians have every right and all reason to be proud of Canada. The semi-religious affinity with which they remain shackled to the various idiosyncrasies, traits and customs of the country of their birth tells us how dearly and how deeply buried, is this love, not only for their country, but for their heritage as well. With this they put us all to shame. The day we can match them there, we will be great.

When I think of Canada, I think of the hardships and the sacrifices of her early pioneers and explorers, of the arts and crafts of her Eskimos and Indians, of the security of being able to speak freely on any subject without fear or retribution and to worship according to one's will.

I think of the freedom of the Canadian people to choose by democratic vote their own government and the freedom to demonstrate against injustices which they think have been committed.

I think of the fine work of many talented artists, scientists, and inventors — of the beautiful scenery as it changes from season to season and the awesomeness of her vast natural resources.

I think of a young country still struggling with growing pains, but having the means of opportunity for young people who are willing to work and study to become successful and presenting a refuge for those who have had to flee their native lands.

I think of the wide streets of her towns and cities, the pretty well-kept houses, green lawns, pretty flowers and bushes and trees everywhere. Of the endless wide highways running from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the skyscrapers and the lovely churches and shrines — of the great spanning bridges.

I think of the blue waters of Lake Huron, the wildness of Manitoulin Island, Midland, where the martyrs died, the lovely islands of Georgian Bay, and the beautiful breathtaking scenery everywhere. The majestic Niagara with its thunder and the well-kept

flower gardens and parks. The great Hydro Power works. The spell of nature and the freshness and newness of the country everywhere.

I think of Toronto with its imposing skyline, the lovely High Park with the animals, the Maple Leaf Gardens and the Exhibition. The gentle rolling plains of southern Ontario, the farms with the pretty ponies and spotted cows, and in Hamilton where I lived for three months, the Rock Garden and Spring Garden and the serene beauty of Dundurn's Castle.

But most of all, I think of the Prairies and beautiful Lake Louise and the Rocky Mountains, the balmy climate of Vancouver, the Maritimes and Quebec and the cold wonders of the Northwest Territories, all of which I have heard so much about. And last but not least, I think of the thousands of lakes, and forests, which are so brilliant in the fall that no paint brush could imitate their richness. Yes, finally, it seems to be Canada to me. Maybe someday if ever I have the time and the money I will sit down and write a very comprehensive report of my impressions during my stay here.

*"Earth Breaks up, time drops away
In walks heaven with its new day."*

I started writing this report about a week ago. I wrote for about two hours then left it off and ascended the roof of the building where I lived. It was a beautiful night. The stars were out in their millions. And for a long while I stood and looked at the lights and the starry blue sky, and mused upon the exquisite beauty of creation. I often think that the nights are more alive and more richly coloured than the days. I returned and wrote for another half hour, then succumbed to blissful sleep.

Since then a week has gone by. In the meantime, I had written almost a dozen letters to friends and relatives in the West Indies and in India. And now I continue with this report. Outside twilight is falling. "Blessed twilight!" Dickens called it in one of his novels. And "blessed" indeed — especially for a West Indian

student sitting in a little room in a large city four thousand miles distant from his homeland, and like the Scribes, endeavouring to draw from his treasure chest memories old and new.

I went for a splendid walk by myself today, all through the Kensington market, on to Dundas Street, then all the way up to University Avenue and the City Hall. I always meander over to the City Hall whenever I have the time. So much goes on there which the average Torontonian hardly knows about. Once, to amuse myself I ascended one of the park benches and dared to harangue a small group of people about the negative involvement of the Canadian people to the war in Vietnam. In less than five minutes I had an audience of about a hundred people who listened with such rapt attention that it seemed a pity to stop talking. So I continued for a full half hour before thanking them for listening to me, and whenever I go there, somebody always seems to recognize me.

But to write of other things — the weather perhaps. It was the ending of summer when I came, yet rather cold for one who had spent all his life under a tropical Caribbean sky. But after a few days, the magnificent sun again shone forth in robes of West Indian-like splendour. And people met in the parks and streets to partake of his Royal Feast and to sing him songs of praises. And just as it seemed that the land became parched and dry and man and beast panted for breath, came Autumn, that "season of mist and mellow fruitfulness" and a bountiful supply of fresh and cool rain water. The skies were wonderfully blue and clear and Winter came and everywhere the majestic snows lay heavy and deep and beautiful on the ground. I had not previously seen snow and the sight of it for the first time filled me with awe and wonder. I lived in the West end of Ottawa then, near a park, and I ceased to go for my daily walk in the snows. Even when the temperature was below zero I would go, much to the consternation and chagrin of my landlady.

And then spring came. Ah spring! What is more beautiful than spring? Nothing! The whole country seemed to have become air-conditioned. The air tasted like wine. Each day the sun rose earlier and set later. It was dawn by 6.30 in the morning and twilight lingered on till 7.00 at night. The whole long days were ablaze with sunshine. The ghostly winter silence had given way to the great spring murmur of a waking life. This murmur rose from all the land filled with the joy of living. It came from the things that lived and moved again, things which had been as dead and which had not moved during the long months of frost and ice. The sap was rising in the pines. The willows and aspens were bursting out in young buds. Shrubs and vines were putting on fresh garbs of green. Crickets sang in the nights and in the days all manner of creeping, crawling things rustled forth into the sun. Squirrels were chattering, birds were singing and butterflies took to the winds on rainbow coloured wings. From every hillside came the trickle of running water, the music of unseen fountains. In Ottawa where I lived, it was a common thing to see squirrels fitting from tree to tree and even across the streets without molestation from anybody. Sometimes the brave little fellows would come scratching on the wire meshing of my window, obviously hungry and I would throw scraps of food to encourage them. This continued for a while until I was told by my landlady that they are very often carriers of rabies and other diseases and so no more friendly squirrels for me!

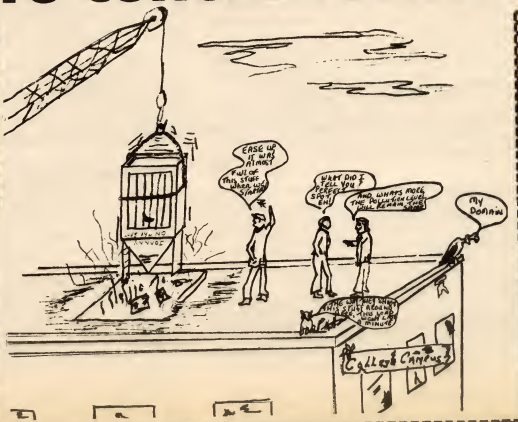
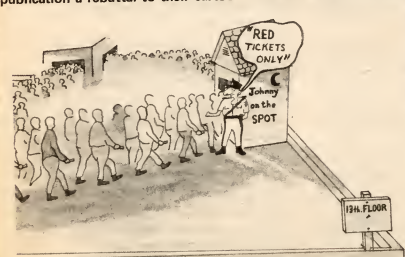
Now winter is here once more. Pretty soon again will come spring with her honeyed breath. Then summer and autumn and winter again. The Cycle has already started.

*"Flocks of birds have wandered to and fro
A solitary drift of clouds
As though gone wandering by,
And I sit alone with Casa Loma Castle towering beyond
We never grow tired of each other, that monument and I."*

WE WOULD LIKE TO CONGRATULATE

COLLEGE CAMPUS who have published what seems to us — a lab-paper.

However, Teraulay Campus did not appreciate the cartoon which was printed in their issue, and have submitted to us for publication a rebuttal to their cartoon: — Here are both of them!



Helpers Are Needed To Repair Homes of the Poor

Reprinted with permission of TORONTO DAILY STAR, Wed., July 8, 1970

By Bill Bragg
Star staff writer

Your husband took off three years ago and left you with five children, three mortgages and a dilapidated 80-year-old house.

The other day, an inspector from the city's buildings department was around and discovered that the rear wall of the house was ready to fall into your tomato patch.

The chimney needed rebuilding and the roof was falling apart and there was a long list of other things wrong with her house.

You didn't have to call a contractor to find out that the total bill would be about \$2,000 to bring the house up to the standards demanded by the city.

As far as you were concerned it might as well have been \$2,000,000 because you couldn't begin to pay it anyway.

So what do you do — wait until the city's deadline runs out and let it repair your house. You could repay the city on your taxes over five years, if you could afford it.

But there is another way. You can pick up the telephone and call MARS (for maintenance and repair service) which is operated out of the WoodGreen Community Centre on Queen St. E. by the Mennonite Church.

But you have to act fast because lack of interest by the people of Toronto will probably force the service to fold by the end of November.

FRACTION OF COST

If your case is deserving — and you haven't got a potful of money stashed away under the bed — they will assign a corps of volunteer tradesmen to your house and bring it up to standard at a fraction of the price a private contractor would charge.

One woman got an estimate of \$3,000 from a contractor. MARS' men did the job for \$300, the cost of the material at wholesale rates.

Project MARS was organized as one-year demonstration by the Mennonite Church to assist homeowners physically and financially unable to repair their homes to meet the minimum standard required by the city.

It is an outgrowth of a smaller pilot project called DECOR conducted for five weeks last summer by the same group.

It has been staffed almost exclusively by tradesmen — plumbers, electricians, carpenters, bricklayers, roofers, plasterers and helpers from Mennonite communities in Waterloo, Markham and the Niagara Peninsula.

Appeals for volunteer help from tradesmen in the Toronto area have largely gone unanswered. Only two local tradesmen have contributed their time.

Nicholas W. Dick, project director and pastor of the United Mennonite Church on Queen St. E. said he has tried without success to get other groups, including unions and

churches, interested in the project.

Time is running out. By the end of November, the Mennonites will pull out and the project will end unless the vacuum they leave is filled locally.

"The intention," Dick told The Star, "is to replace the contributions of Mennonite volunteers with the contributions of volunteers throughout the city regardless of what background they come from."

WILL END DEC. 1

His own assistant on the project, Dan Shaffer, has a United States Baptist background.

"The decision has been made," Dick went on, "that the Mennonite communities are obligating themselves in supplying volunteers only until Dec. 1, the termination date of the project."

He said that he had been banking heavily on union involvement in the project.

"To date," he said, "we've had very little union response. We've been working mainly through locals and the Canadian Labor Congress. We haven't approached all unions."

Dick said that some interest had been shown by student leaders at the George Brown College of Applied Arts and Technology on the possibility of having students participate as an extracurricular activity. However, he said, no commitment has been made.

"People have a general interest in this kind of project," Dick said. "But when it comes to having bodies at a particular time and at a particular house, this is where the breakdown occurs."

"Every time we have some publicity on the project, we get calls from people who need help, and relatively few calls from people offering their time and services."

"It is an electrician by trade and occasionally helps out on weekends."

His corps of volunteers is currently working on seven houses. It has completed work on ten since the project began six months ago.

Most cases are referred to Dick by the housing standards

VOLUNTEERS WANTED

Have you ever wanted to fix up a house? Project MARS is a volunteer organization that does exactly that, and they are looking for help.

If you know anything about carpentry, plumbing, bricklaying or anything else that goes into fixing up a house, or if you are just interested in helping — after school or on weekends — contact Mr. Dan Shaffer at WoodGreen Community Centre (461-1168).

division of the city's department of buildings.

If Dick agrees to take the job on, the division draws up detailed specifications, spelling out precisely what work has to be done to bring the house up to the minimum standards required under the city's by-law.

"There have been several where there has been a great deal of work and more than \$1,000 in materials," he said. "We put in 610 volunteer hours on one of them and spent close to \$1,100 on materials."

"On another, we put in 213 hours and spent \$498 on material. We are working on one now that has taken 363 hours and \$700 worth of material."

MARS' crews are now putting the finishing touches on an 80-year-old house in the west end.

MUST PAY BACK

They repaired the roof on the back porch, put in new stairs to the second floor, rebuilt the kitchen floor and tiled it, put in a new sink and built clothes closets in the bedrooms.

The family of five children ranging in age from 9 to 14 is motherless and the children are being looked after by their grandmother.

People seeking the service are expected to pay back the cost of materials and make a contribution toward the labor costs if they are able to.

Money comes from other sources. For example, the city made a grant of \$13,500 towards the project.

"There have been several where we paid \$600 for materials," Dick said, "we received from the (Ontario) department of social and family services a recovery amount of \$570."

"And there was an elderly woman in the east end who paid for the cost of materials and some money towards labor. There are some who haven't paid anything to date for either materials or labor."

"We make arrangements with the people to pay back as much as they can afford on their limited incomes or benefits. This may amount to anywhere from \$5 to \$20 a month. And no interest is charged."

UNIQUELY EQUIPPED

The money is paid into the WoodGreen Centre office, which does the book-keeping, and is put into the general fund.

The Mennonite Church is uniquely equipped to handle work of this kind. And because of this it will be even more difficult to find a single agency that can adapt itself sufficiently to take over when the Mennonites pull out.

"We have an organization called the Mennonite Disaster Services which for years has been involved in providing repair and cleanup services after national and international disasters. Workers have been sent to Alaska and Skopje, Yugoslavia, to help clean up after earthquakes," said Dick.

Regional co-ordinators can organize teams of men on short notice. Many are farmers who are able to get away briefly during slack work periods on their farms. Others are tradesmen who can also get time off.

"If only" Mentality Bypasses Real Social Issues

Ours is a time so filled with episodes of dramatic collective behaviour that it is helpful to have some idea about the workings of fads, crazes, movements etc.

An analysis that is perhaps too detailed for easy reading, but worth the time of anyone interested in understanding what's going on, can be found in the book *Theory of Collective Behavior* by Neil J. Smelser, Berkeley, Cal., sociologist.

The recent march to Parliament Hill by advocates of "free abortion on demand" comes to mind, but many other episodes are similar.

In summary, Smelser shows that such movements, crazes, fads etc. develop when people, facing certain situations of "strain," develop the belief that "if only" a certain thing happened the strain would end.

"We would consider it a wish-fulfillment belief," Smelser says, "if a body of persons subscribed to the following: If only we concerned ourselves with purifying and reaffirming the American way of life, we would not be experiencing frustrations in development of operative space vehicles."

This example is fictitious, of course, and is meant only to show the components of such behaviour. That is, faced with frustration (strain), the people involved redefine their situation, not in terms of all the steps needed to cope with the situation, but in terms of a simplified belief.

"We shall find this 'if only' mentality in the beliefs associated with all forms of collective behavior," Smelser asserts. "For instance, in the norm-oriented movement, we shall find extraordinary results promised if only certain reforms are adopted... Adherents to such movements exaggerate reality because their action is based on beliefs which are both generalized and short-circuited."

Smelser goes on to suggest "why collective behavior displays some of the crudeness, excess, and eccentricity that it does."

By short-circuiting, "collective episodes by-pass many of the specifications, contingencies and controls that are required to make the generalized components operative. Collective behavior, then, is the action of the impatient.

This is not to suggest that such behavior is totally negative. Smelser notes that "episodes of collective behavior often constitute an early stage of social change; they occur when conditions of strain have arisen, but before social resources have been mobilized for a specific and possibly effective attack on the sources of strain."

Current examples of this sort of thing can be identified by some of the "if only" beliefs that are around: If only there were free abortion on demand; if only marijuana were legalized; if only they'd end the war in Vietnam; if only there were "law and order"; if only "we could do our own thing"....

If Smelser's analysis is applied, such beliefs, or the fads, crazes and movements associated with them, are signs of "social strain." While the realization of any particular "if only" would not end the strain, it is important to probe and specify the sources of strain, and to mobilize the social resources that would attack those sources.

Thus, for example, it seems certain that the "free abortion on demand" movement is a sign (among many) that our society is not hospitable to children.

"If only" there were free abortion on demand, say members of this latest little movement. But that is a short-circuiting belief. Even if there were free abortion on demand, the sources of strain would not be attacked, the inhospitability towards children would not be ended.

In the case of the "if-only-there-were-free-abortion-on-demand" belief, some of the by-passed steps seem to be the social changes that would attack unemployment, establish adequate family income, control inflation and prices, aid in creative use of leisure time, develop mutual support among families, relieve inter-personal conflicts, give women a sense of equality and full partnership, give children real freedom of choice in planning for their families, encourage optimism about the capability of couples to deal with their fertility, promote respect for life,.... and many other things.

So it is with other "if only" movements: Not that there should be no social change, but that the basic sources of "strain" should be specified and attacked in all their complexity.

Goodbye



To Friends

*The future with her hidden doors
Doesn't warn of things to come
And no one really knows beyond
The rise and setting of the sun*

*And no one ever questions fate
With friendships that are loving ones
As no one ever sees beyond
The rise and setting of the sun*

*Then one day awareness grips
The parting of a loving friend
The sun that always seemed to rise
Now before my very eyes, dies and sounds the end*

*A doubt of babit still remains
To play upon a sweet refrain
That time itself will mellow dull
To burl a hope in vain, again*

*We gather here to celebrate
To shed a tear that strains the eye
Tears that flow within our hearts
To wish our friends goodbye*

*But still a promised land awaits
To play a note of sweet refrain
To tell your friends; that even so
The sun will rise again.*